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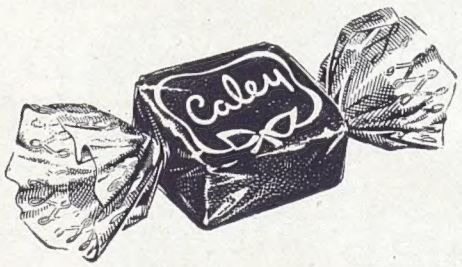

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CONTRIBUTORS

James Agate

Elizabeth Bowen

Anthony Cookman

Jennifer

Richard King

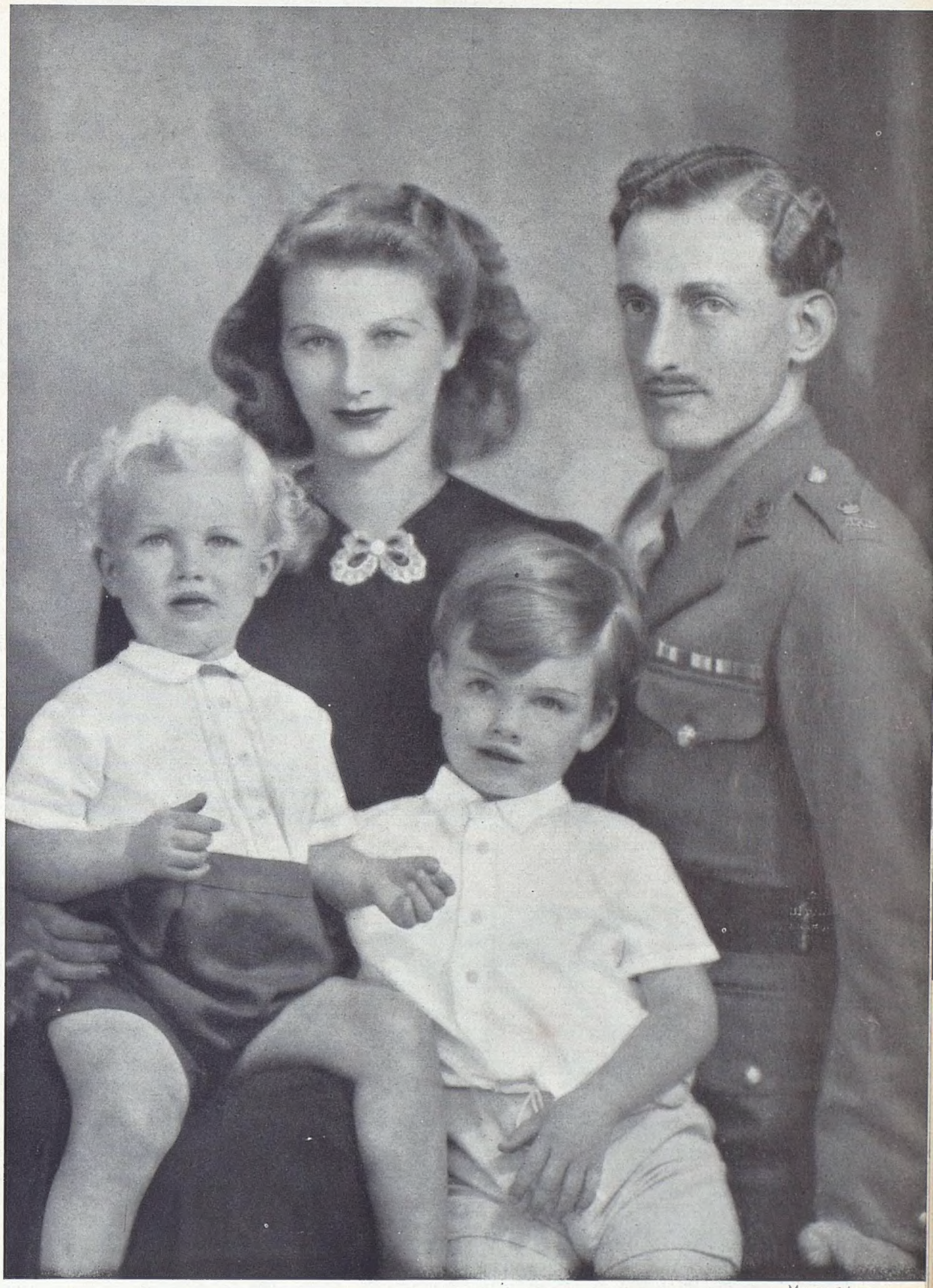
D. B. Wyndham-Lewis

Priscilla

Sabretache

Simon Harcourt-Smith

Oliver Stewart



Marcus Adams

Major The Viscount Erleigh And Family

Major the Viscount Erleigh, M.B.E., M.C., The Queen's Bays, is the only son of the Marquess and Marchioness of Reading and a grandson of the great Rufus Isaacs, first Marquess of Reading. His marriage to Miss Margot Duke, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Percy Duke of Heathcroft, Walton-on-the-Hill, took place in 1941, and he and Lady Erleigh have two little boys, the Hon. Simon and the Hon. Anthony Rufus Isaacs, born in 1942 and 1943 respectively. Lady Erleigh is very interested in aviation and has her A flying licence

Simon Harcourt-Smith

PORTRAITS IN PRINT

"The merchant, to secure his treasure,
Conveys it in a borrowed name."
—MATTHEW PRIOR

Faking

I AM fascinated by the case of van Meegeren, the Dutch artist who claims to have made a fortune out of faking Vermeers. Some half a dozen now prized in public galleries are by his hand, if we are to believe him.

As a Museum child I grew up in delighted awe of the forger. He was for me what Raffles or "Legs" Diamond is to the normal small boy's world. A system of prices so artificial as the art racket, where a signature, properly authenticated, or the subtle denigrations of the late Lord Duveen, could alter values by £10,000, invites the attention of crooks. Think of the thousands collectors pay nowadays for horse-paintings by Stubbs, an individual whom Leonardo or Titian would have dismissed as a journeyman-dauber! Isn't such snobbish folly an invitation to crime?

Artificial Cobwebs

MY father always swore the Venetian forgers bred a special variety of spiders, to spin cobwebs of apparent vast antiquity in the corners of fake cassonis for the American market. Then there was the enjoyable case of the Leonardo da Vinci bust in the Kaiser Friedrich Museum at Berlin. The Kaiser Friedrich's great director, Dr. von Böde, had studied the extant works of Leonardo (they are rare enough in all conscience) with truly German *grundlichkeit*. From his researches he evolved a Leonardo formula, and going by it purchased a bust for the Museum which was hailed through the Reich as by the incomparable Renaissance Master. Unfortunately an obscure gentleman, writing, if I'm not mistaken, from Mortlake, informed the London Press the bust had been sculpted by his own father. The German Government took the story as almost a diplomatic affront. Kaiser William II came down in state to the Museum, planted himself firmly in front of the bust, and as the supreme connoisseur of the Reich, curled his moustaches and proclaimed: "This is the true work of Leonardo da Vinci."

For the loyal Germans the matter ended there. Unfortunately, the son of the alleged sculptor was not so supine. He now declared that if the bust were opened, inside it, as a foundation, would be discovered a pair of plaid trousers and a copy of *The Times* for, let us say, the year 1857. Goaded to the last extremity, the Kaiser Friedrich Museum did eventually open the bust. Everything was there as prophesied, including the plaid trousers. It transpired the sculptor had been one of those obscure Englishmen of the last century, every bit perhaps as gifted as many a Renaissance Italian, who had only been able to make a living by selling forgeries.

Bastianini

BASTIANINI, the famous Empire sculptor, was a similar victim of ridiculous snobbery. Busts which he sculpted as straightforward works of contemporary art, portraits of workers in the local cigar factory for example, were placed in the Louvre and mistaken for portraits of Savanarola's cronies. When he wrote to claim authorship, he was reviled for his bad taste and mendacity. Then, some seventy years ago, occurred the famous case of Vrain-Lucas and Professor Chasles. Chasles was a gullible mathematician with a misplaced passion for ancient manuscripts. Vrain-Lucas sold him for £5,600 a letter from Alexander the Great to Aristotle, a letter from Cleopatra to Cæsar, and a note from Mary Magdalen to Lazarus. Nor must we forget the signed confession by Judas Iscariot, the passport signed by Vercingetorix, the love letters from Petrarch to Laura, and the letter from Pontius Pilate to the Emperor Tiberius, deploring the execution of Our Lord.

Professor Chasles seems not to have been one whit troubled by the peculiarity of these letters all having been written in a sort of bogus eighteenth-century French, with Alexander addressing Aristotle as *mon ami* and Cleopatra telling Cæsar *notre fils Cæsarion va bien.*

Chinese Tricks

IN Peking faking is reduced to a fine art, particularly the falsification of jade. To get the patine proper to those remotely ancient pieces of the Chou and the Han dynasties (roughly 800 B.C.–A.D. 200), the wily Peking dealers boil the jade with hambones in a liquid, particulars of which good manners forgive my specifying. I remember a little jade dealer, very competent, well-spoken and reliable, once we had all put our cards on the table. He was a constant visitor to my house. But once three months went by without seeing him. In midwinter he turned up again, as suave as usual, but looking unusually prosperous. We reproached him with forgetting old friends. "Ah," he said quietly, "a Norwegian expert on jade has been here, buying for German and American museums. A hasty-tempered man, he grew angry when I was only able to show him inconsiderable pieces of genuine Han jade. He wanted something big and important, he said. The museums would never look at my measly little pieces. I assured him that there was nothing larger in all Peking that could be conscientiously passed as genuine. Then he got very angry and shouted. What was I to do? I made him some pieces just as he wanted. I manufactured for them quite impeccable pedigrees. He went away delighted, and quite quiet. But it took me a long time and much work. Naturally, I haven't been able to see my friends. . . ."

London Prices

SHORTAGE of rooms to sleep in, shortage of drink and food and tempers seems to have put London hoteliers and restaurateurs out of their minds. We pride ourselves on being cursed with no considerable Black Market. Certainly it is not so well organized as in Belgium, that paradise of illicit trade, where they have even discovered that British or American petrol, if poured through a German gasmask, loses that distinctive colouring which was designed to prevent sale to unauthorized persons. But some great hotels make a pretty good running in the Black Market stakes. A cousin of mine, on the staff of one of our greatest commanders, came with his Chief the other day to spend a few nights at one of our most sumptuous caravanserais. When the time came for them to fly back to a distracted Europe, my cousin ordered some sandwiches. As they were leaving a miserable package was pressed into his hand, with a demand for ten shillings. Thinking the bill a trifle excessive he opened the package, to find four exiguous Spam rectangles, between pieces of stale bread, thinner than butterflies' wings, and far less pretty. He rose up in indignation. "I reckon," he said, "we have here 2½d. worth of bread, 4d. worth of Spam, 1s. to the chef for cutting the sandwiches, 1s. profit to the hotel, 1s. 6d. to you for making up the bill; that makes 4s. 0½d. I give it you herewith. If the management have any complaint you need only write to British Headquarters."

"He said something about apologizing for his ship being a little overdue"

Sert

THE death of Sert deprives us of the last artist with any pretentions to be a decorator of houses on a large scale. I do not count the inconsiderable Drian, who for all the loyal espousals and championings of Lady Mendl at her agreeable Versailles house remains a master so small, he almost calls for a microscope. Sert, on the other hand, had a certain Homeric gusto, approaching the vulgar now and then perhaps, but on the whole in the grand tradition. His decorations with their innumerable elephants would agreeably distract the attention, sometimes perhaps disastrously, as Mrs. Saxton Noble's house in Knightsbridge. Sir Philip Sassoon's ballroom is known to all the world.

Sert did a number of vigorous and not unstimulating decorations for the new Royal Palace in Catalonia which, if I remember rightly, was ready just in time for the end of the Spanish monarchy in 1931. His wife, one of the charming and ill-fated Mdivani family, possessed a rare taste for the more curious sorts of Louis Philippe furniture, particularly tables of rare woods or inlaid with mother-of-pearl. It was a pleasure to sit in a room and just watch her moving about it, with unflagging elegance and the minimum of effort. Strange that such an etherealized being should have been sister to those roystering he-men who turned Hollywood and the Ritz Bar into a sort of "Matrimonial Post."

Alex Mdivani

TO me there was always something vaguely pathetic about poor Alex Mdivani, once the husband of charming Barbara Hutton. His joy in his Bentleys, his blondes, his speed-boats over-life-size, aroused in me the same sort of horrified compassion I felt when Goering showed me his pictures, his bison, or his toy soldiers. It was the barbarian plundering Europe—not, of course, through a political ballyhoo, but by means of a taut brown body and a constitution capable of absorbing fabulous amounts of liquid. The memory of a wrecked Bentley, of a mother-of-pearl table I coveted, of an unfinished palace in Spain, are all that's left of this strange Georgian by-product from the Russian Revolution.

Picasso and Matisse

LAST week there opened at the Victoria and Albert Museum (the obvious gallery for such exhibitions —the Tate—will not, I understand, be in order before next June) a show of Picasso's latest work and some mixed new and old work of Matisse which I find at once exciting and disappointing. Picasso I hold to be one of the greatest painters since the Renaissance. He is of those rare artists before whose genius I normally stand entirely in awe. Here I am almost prepared to abdicate the critical faculty.

I cannot entirely do so at this exhibition, however. When I recall the lyrical grace of Picasso's still lifes at Rosenberg's last exhibition in Paris just before the war—the lovely *nature morte* which I began to buy on the instalment plan—I own a slight feeling of disappointment. Indeed I suspect almost a retrogression. Matisse, on the other hand, a painter I have always respected without loving, now affords me a graceful surprise. I would give a very great deal to own his *Deux femmes au canapé.*

The Marriage Of Sir Charles Mander's Heir

Bride, Bridegroom, Wedding Guests And Attendants

● The marriage of Mr. Charles Marcus Mander, Coldstream Guards, only son of Sir Charles Mander, second baronet, and Lady Mander, of Kilsall Hall, Shifnal, Salop, to Miss Dolores Broderman, daughter of the late Mr. Alfred Broderman and of Mrs. Broderman, took place at St. James's, Spanish Place. The attendants were Henrietta Tiarks, cousin of the bride, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Tiarks, and Timothy Neame, cousin of the bridegroom. Henrietta wore a shortwaisted dress of satin, and carried a bouquet of mixed flowers, and the bride's white satin dress was made with becoming puffed sleeves of Elizabethan style

Photographs by Swaebe

Mr. Charles Marcus Mander helps his bride to cut the cake

Timothy Neame, son of Col. and Mrs. Lyle Neame, and Henrietta Tiarks, the attendants, enjoy a private feast

Sir Charles and Lady Mander, the parents of the bridegroom

James Agate

AT THE PICTURES

Two Films And A Bit

A BIRD, it has been observed, cannot be in two places at one and the same time. But a conscientious bird can try. Which is what this one did on Tuesday of last week when Messrs. Warner Bros. and Eagle-Lion decided to have simultaneous trade-shows a mile or so apart. He began with *Saratoga Trunk* (Warner) and learned how—odd that film critics should fall into the style of English favoured by Synopsis—fascinating Clio Dulaine, while seeking vengeance and a fortune, returned to New Orleans, accompanied by her bizarre servants—Angélique, an angular mulatto woman, and Cupidon, a dwarf. The first thing she did was to re-open the cobwebbed house where many years before Nicholas Dulaine, her father, had lived in a love alliance with her mother which had been sanctioned neither by law nor his aristocratic family. After her father's death, the powerful Dulaines had exiled her mother to Paris. Through the years this unfortunate woman's daughter, Clio, had nursed a bitter hatred for them, and in 1875, the period of the film, she had come back to avenge the wrong done to her dead mother. She also determined to achieve two goals which her mother never quite realized—to marry a rich husband and to be respectable. Instead, she met Clint Maroon, tall, sun-tanned cowboy from Texas. . . . At that point this particular bird recollected his other engagement, and decided to leave Saratoga to the Saratogese speaking their Hollywood French whether they come from Ark., Cal., Ind., Ia., Kan., Minn., Mo., Neb., N.C., Tex., Wis., or Wyo., U.S. The bird's regret at leaving was slightly mitigated by the fact that he prefers Ingrid Bergman as a blonde, and is more than a little tired of Gary Cooper's tall, sun-tanned cowboy wearing his tall, sun-tanned hat, and that studio-weary, sun-tanned smile.

The Rake's Progress (Odeon) " was inspired by Hogarth's famous series of prints." But you don't need to believe this unless you want to. It is the kind of thing an unwitty Evelyn Waugh might have written round about 1926. A young man, after getting himself sent down from Oxford, goes to South America with the notion of becoming a coffee-planter. Which naturally leads him into a marriage of convenience in Vienna. The young woman, who is a Jewish refugee, speaks very nearly perfect English instead of the more amusing Swiss Cottage idiom, and turns out to be really in love with her husband, the original idea having been no more than to escape the Nazi clutches. Also she takes herself very seriously and in the course of a holiday in Cornwall, where she has gone to stay with the Rake's family, becomes terribly upset when she finds that her husband is secretly attracted by Agnes Wickfield, or whatever the father's secretary is called. Does she run true to type, pack herself off to London, change her shade of nail-varnish, and with the aid of a new hat and hair-style get herself another husband? No. Instead, she swims out to sea, and has got nearly as far as the Scilly Isles before she is rescued. The father then suggests to the Rake that they should all, except the secretary, motor to London for a family council. But the Rake, instead of being penitential, is drunk, and kills his father in a motor smash. After which, the Viennese lady having secured her divorce, he becomes first a salesman for carpet-sweepers, next various other unimportant cogs in the social wheel, and finally a gigolo in a dance establishment at a salary of a bob a hop. From this he is rescued by Agnes Wickfield, and is about to marry her when Hitler bombs Warsaw and our hero overturns a lorry somewhere in France and dies clutching a bottle of champagne which he has wangled. My observations on this story shall be confined to the single word devastatingly uttered by Master Jackie Jenkins in another connection—" Shucks! "

On second thoughts I will make one observation in the form of question and answer. Why do the makers of films insist on sentimental endings like the love of the good woman who reforms the dipsomaniac in *The Lost Week-End*, and the redemption which the hero of the present film is supposed to find on the battlefield when we know that his end is answering the charge of posing as a major and obtaining credit on false pretences? The answer is, because the nitwit public likes these endings. Let it be said that the film contains some lively scenes depicting the incidentals of a rake's career, and that it is acted at least ten times better than the story deserves by a cast which includes Rex Harrison, Godfrey Tearle, Griffith Jones, Lilli Palmer, Jean Kent, and Marie Löhr.

BY the way, perhaps some film company will enlighten a poor reviewer about some of the gibberish which adorns their " literature." The first picture noticed above is " presented " by Warner Bros., and lower down it is described as " A Warner Bros. Picture." Is it then the habit of Warner Bros. to present other firms' pictures? But this film is also called " A Hal B. Wallis Production." Does that mean that Mr. Wallis and not Messrs. Warner Bros. is responsible for it? In that case what is the position of Mr. Jack L. Warner described as " Executive Producer "?

The second picture has no fewer than thirty-two credits. These include the names of two Producers, one Production Manager, one Assistant Production Manager, one Director, and three Assistant Directors. There is somebody called " Continuity " attended by somebody called " Assistant Continuity." There is a Sound Mixer and a Boom Operator. Can any of this be of any interest to the film-going public? If so, then I announce that this article was taken down by a secretary of the name of Higgins, and delivered at the *Tatler* office by a houseboy called Piggins. That the name of the messenger who brought the proof is Stiggins, and that the newsagent from whom I get my copy of the *Tatler* is a Mrs. Wiggins.

• " I AM NOT, AND NEVER HAVE BEEN, A CRITIC; I AM A TASTER, NOT A SCHOOLMASTER ALLOTTING MARKS "

SYNOPSIS says of *Hold That Blonde!* (Plaza) that this is " simply entertainment. Its blueprint is drawn along lines of laughter." Yes, but whose laughter? Certainly not mine. I am prepared to believe, however, that the antics of Eddie Bracken and Veronica Lake might amuse sailors returning from the China Seas, soldiers tired of campaigning in Burma, and airmen who have had enough of servicing planes in the Sahara. Alternatively, I can conceive that this story of a kleptomaniac who gets mixed up with a gang of jewel thieves might divert Home Office experts arranging for the safe conveyance of Hitler's bust to the Fatherland, barristers preparing a case for Nazi thugs caught red-handed, and jurists arguing that what is high treason at Clayton-le-Moors may very well be the purest loyalty at Oswaldtwistle.

" I often wonder what happened to those two nice boys we met at Leamington in 1904 . . . "

Edwin Dingle (Danny Kaye) who is posing as his dead twin brother and is guided by his spirit, finds himself in some tight corners. He seeks sanctuary with Schmidt (S. Z. Sakall), a delicatessen shopkeeper when the killers are after him

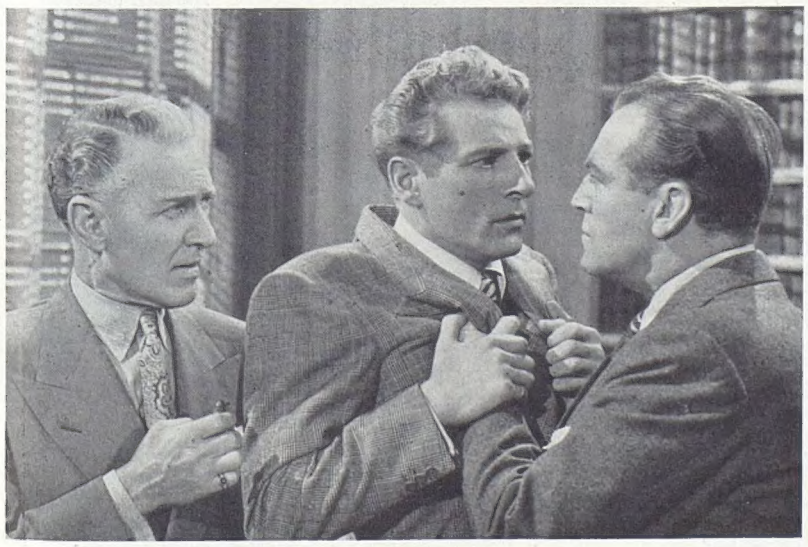
Edwin is a bashful bookworm unlike his murdered brother, Buzzy, who is a night club king. Edwin has some difficulty in understanding the jargon of Raucous McSlugg (Maxie Rosenbloom)

The Strange Face Of Mr. Danny Kaye

Edwin does not get much sympathy from the District Attorney (Otto Kruger) when he explains that his body is inhabited by the spirit of his dead brother, and that he knows all about an unsolved murder

"Wonder Man"

● Danny Kaye certainly has to be something of a wonder man in this fast-moving Technicolor production about twin brothers. He has two leading ladies, one for one brother, and one for the other, and has his work cut out dealing with both of them. One brother, Buzzy Bellew, is murdered, and his spirit inhabits the body of his scholarly twin, Edwin Dingle. Edwin soon finds himself in Brooklyn posing as brother Buzzy, with his brother's spirit helping him along. He gets involved with a gang of crooks who are behind an unsolved murder, and has some embarrassing moments with his brother's fiancée. At last, however, he gets back to his books and his own girl friend



The District Attorney and his assistant (Richard Lane), put Edwin through some rough treatment when they think that his fantastic story is a pack of lies. He eventually tells his story of the murder from the stage of the Metropolitan Opera House

Danny Kaye and Virginia Mayo are a romantic team in "Wonder Man." Danny Kaye, the man with the indiarubber face, has plenty of scope for using it as the twin brothers with exactly opposite temperaments, both of which he plays in the film

The Theatre

"The Sacred Flame" (St. Martin's)

SUCCESSFUL young actresses wishing to test their range are sometimes tempted to allow themselves to be violently miscast at the risk of finding out what they cannot do, but few fail to get the better of temptation. The requisite nerve is lacking. Success, so hard to come by, is not lightly to be imperilled. But Miss Sonia Dresdel's ambition is of sterner stuff. In the present series of *matinée* performances at the St. Martin's Theatre she interrupts a tropical progress for an arctic excursion, turning aside on the way from Hedda Gabler to, say, Cleopatra to become the repressed, bitter, accusing Nurse Wayland of Mr. Somerset Maugham's still powerful play of compassionate murder, exchanging sultry glamour for repellent asceticism.

MISS DRESDEL's performance is accordingly a series of difficult temperamental adjustments. This actress, who is accustomed to spread about the stage a dominating, a devastating charm, must, as the nurse looking after the disabled airman, create the atmosphere of an iceberg which, after freezing the blood of all about her, is all at once consumed by fire. To the airman, while he is still alive, she is, as a woman, negligible—and in this early scene Miss Dresdel looks like making a hopeless muddle of the play. But in the night the airman dies, and Miss Dresdel at once slips into character. To the doctor who is prepared to sign a certificate of natural death she is that nightmare of his profession, a nurse who asks awkward questions, who seems unreasonably bent on making trouble and who looks more and more likely to involve a reputable practice in scandal. For the evidence she has collected is indeed formidable, and it traps the young and beautiful wife who is shown by the nurse to have fallen in love with the husband's brother. Mr. Maugham's qualities of observation and construction are at their most brilliant in drawing out the conflict between the two women. How icily unrelenting are the accusations of the ascetic nurse whose heart is hardened by the conviction that she has been basely cheated of the only man who was ever in her power! How nicely is this rigid asceticism offset by the eager, impulsive humanity of the wife who has been cruelly chained to the shattered body of the man she had once loved with all her heart! Conscious virtue accuses conscious innocence, a passion of the spirit seeks to humble a passion that is entirely human, and every turn of the narrative increases the tension of the conflict.

MISS DRESDEL cannot make the nurse the unlikeable sort of woman which a strict reading of the play requires; but she succeeds in maintaining the cold implacability of conscious virtue, she allows repressed passion to reveal itself only in fugitive gleams and the exposure at the end of the true nature of her love for her patient comes as a surprise which overwhelms her. It is an interpretation which does no real violence to the play, and it proves Miss Dresdel to be an actress of delicacy and judgment. Miss Gladys Cooper's old part of the wife is nicely played by Miss Mary Martlew, and there is a grand performance of the airman's mother by Miss Mary Hinton. It is she who expounds Mr. Maugham's philosophic acceptance of the weakness of human nature when circumstances ask too much of it. She expounds it with all possible persuasiveness, and also succeeds in making entirely credible the character of a mother who ends the life of a crippled son to spare him a disillusion which she accepts as inevitable. Altogether, this is a fine revival.

ANTHONY COOKMAN

Nurse Wayland, the thwarted ascetic, whose carefully controlled passion for her patient breaks into flame after his death; and Maurice Tabret, the tragically crippled husband (Sonia Dresdel, Ian Lubbock)

Sketches by Tom Titt

Colin Tabret, the brother, and the cause of most of the trouble; his brother's wife, Stella, who loves him and is accused of murdering her husband; and the mother, Mrs. Tabret, who has not only wisdom but courage (Ronald Millar, Mary Martlew, Mary Hinton)

Major Liconda, the devoted friend of the cripple's mother, who cannot believe the nurse's accusation of murder; and Dr. Harvester, who realizes only too well that it is better for his career to close his eyes to any irregularities (Gordon McLeod, Donald Strachan)

A New Amanda for "Private Lives"

At the Apollo Theatre: Googie Withers

Googie Withers is the new Amanda in Noel Coward's *Private Lives* at the Apollo Theatre, a part which was previously played by Kay Hammond. A most charming and versatile actress, Miss Withers is also to be seen in the dramatic rôle of a murderess, in the new film *Pink String and Sealing Wax*. She has appeared in many British films, and recently in a most dramatic sequence, the mirror scene, in *Dead of Night*. She also gave a very fine and moving performance in both the stage and film version of J. B. Priestley's *They Came to a City*, where she proved herself to be an actress of exceptional ability. The nickname "Googie" was given her by her ayah, in India, when she was a baby; the word means "clown," and Miss Withers has always stoutly refused to change it. Last month she was to have been married in London to Capitaine Jean-Pierre le Mee, but at the last minute they discovered that the marriage would not be legal in France. However, the wedding should take place soon, with all the formalities in order

Alexander Bender

Actor's Baby

Allan Cash

Left: Mrs. Walter Fitzgerald is the wife of the well-known actor Walter Fitzgerald, and twenty-two-months-old Julia is their elder daughter; they also have a son, Jonathan, who was born five months ago. Walter Fitzgerald is at present on tour with a play called "The Astonished Ostrich," which he and his wife are both taking to Germany in January. Mrs. Fitzgerald is the daughter of Prebendary Kirk, Vicar of St. Peter's, Eaton Square

Right: Vic Oliver met, and named, a young "bride" in Mrs. Stewart MacDougall's authentic collection of dolls from all countries. The bride, whose dress is made of Nottingham lace, is called "Natalia." Mr. Oliver, that inimitable comedian of stage and screen, is at present appearing in that colourful show at the London Coliseum "The Night and the Music"

Actor's Doll

JENNIFER WRITES HER SOCIAL JOURNAL

UNITED NATIONS DELEGATES

PLANNING suitable entertainment for the delegates to the all-important London meeting of the United Nations Organisation next month is already beginning to take a prominent place in the minds of both private hostesses and those responsible for Government and official functions. Word has gone round that everything possible—within the austere limits of rationing—is to be done to show the men and women of good will from all quarters of the world who will assemble in London to plan the peace of future generations, how warmly Britain welcomes them.

There is more than a possibility, I hear, that the King and Queen will take the lead in this, as Their Majesties do in every important matter, and a big-scale evening reception at Buckingham Palace, on something approaching pre-war lines, is being discussed. No more fitting opportunity for the revival of Royal hospitality, and no more appropriate inauguration for a conference of such overwhelming importance, could be imagined. The Palace party, if it comes off, will be the forerunner of a number of other receptions of varying degrees of importance and size, at which the delegates will be guests of honour.

ROYAL CHRISTMAS PLANS

MEANWHILE, Christmas plans, in most cases, are complete. Their Majesties are spending the holiday at Sandringham, where they will be entertaining a big family party, including the Duchess of Kent and her three children. Princess Margaret, who has made an excellent recovery after her appendicitis operation, will be quite able to join in the festivities, though, naturally, she is under doctors' orders to take things fairly quietly for some little time, a rule which, much to her chagrin, includes a ban on horse or pony riding.

With her characteristic attention to detail, the Queen joined the King at Sandringham for a week-end, to supervise personally the rearrangement of the house after its long period without Royal occupation, and to make final plans for the comfort of her Christmas guests. From Buckingham Palace Her Majesty motored to Norfolk, stopping for a wayside lunch *en route*, and returning with the King in the Royal train.

This was the King's first shoot of the season at Sandringham, and the pheasant and partridge "bags" were, as was expected, not to be compared with those of pre-war days, though, on the whole, the game was better than had been the case at Balmoral in August and September, where grouse were well below average in numbers. Lord Elton was one of the guns out with the King most days.

ROYALTY AT A DANCE

THE recent dance given by Lady Somers for her only daughter, the Hon. Elizabeth Cocks, was honoured by the presence of Royalty, for not only was Princess Elizabeth there, but the Duchess of Kent came too, in a classically-cut gown of royal-blue velvet. Princess Elizabeth arrived with Lord Buckhurst, Lord De La Warr's paratrooper son and heir, and danced in the reels (music for which was provided by a couple of Scots Guards pipers) with grace and obvious enjoyment. Her Royal Highness wore a full-skirted and short-sleeved frock patterned with flowers in mixed shades, and went to supper escorted by Lady Somers' nephew, Lord Bathurst, who is only eighteen, but nevertheless helped his aunt to look after the guests. Lady Somers' only sister, Lady Apsley, was also at the party, in her wheel-chair. Pretty young girls abounded. The heroine of the evening, Miss Elizabeth Cocks, wore a champagne-coloured frock, the Hon. Margaret Elphinstone was in pale blue, and Miss Sarah Dashwood in purple-and-yellow-flowered chiffon. Other attractive girls included Lady Elizabeth Lambart, the Hon. Rosemary Scott-Ellis and the Hon. Philippa Bewicke-Copley.

ST. ANDREW'S DAY AT ETON

ST. ANDREW'S DAY at Eton was the scene of the biggest crowd at this event for many years. By three o'clock all car-parks in Eton were crammed and visitors had to park beyond the playing-fields. What a contrast to last year, when there were few cars, it was a foggy day, very few fathers or brothers were present, and many of the mothers and sisters came in their different wartime uniforms. This year the sun shone brightly, the fathers and brothers were there, mostly in mufti, though, alas, many showing the scars of war, several still on crutches or sticks, and the mothers and sisters were all in mufti too, gay colours being much to the fore. I saw only one woman in her uniform.

In the morning I saw Sir George and Lady Mary Crichton, with their eldest son, David, and his wife. A member of the Royal Household watching the Wall Game was Lieut.-Colonel the Hon. Sir Piers Legh, Master of His Majesty's Household. Lady Willa Elliot was walking around with her brother, Viscount Melgund, and Miss Vivien Mosley was escorted by her Etonian brother, Michael. Lady Dashwood was accompanied by her sons, Francis and John. Lady (Anthony) Meyer came over from Datchet in the morning with her mother, and her children, Caroline Clare and Ashley, in their double pram. In the afternoon I met her walking around with Sir Anthony Meyer, who is now working at the Treasury.

AFTER LUNCH

ONE of the first people I met after lunch was Lady Nunburnholme, wearing a fur coat over her suit, with the most becoming cap of brown velvet. The Duke of Richmond and Gordon was watching the Field Game with his sons, the Earl of March and Lord Nicholas Gordon-Lennox, who are in different houses at Eton. Lady Barbara Gore was accompanied by her small son. Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Eden, the latter in black with touches of red, were strolling round with their tall son, Nicholas. Lady Lorna Howard, looking gay in a snow-leopard coat over an emerald-green suit, was accompanied by the Hon. Arthur Howard, M.P. They had their daughter, Kiloran, and their sons, Robin and Alexander, with them. Captain and Mrs. Andrew Hughes-Onslow brought their three-months-old son, Jamie, along in a pram. He had been christened in the morning, and was having a christening tea that afternoon at Rowlands. Mrs. Hughes-Onslow was with her half-brother and half-sister, the Hon. William and the Hon. Brigid Westenra, and I saw Miss Anne Wallace with her brother Hamish, of the Scots Guards, just back from Italy.

THE DANCE

MANY stayed on for the dance in the School Hall, in aid of the Merchant Navy Fund. The band was excellent. Alan Ramsay, Captain of the Oppidans, who was assisting in it, said he thought he was the first Oppidan Captain to play in the school band! Among others at the dance were Mr. and Mrs. Ronnie Aird and their daughter. Mr. Aird, partnered by Mr. Peter Cazalet, had played a very good game of rackets against the school pair during the afternoon. Lady Margaret Huntington-Whiteley was with her son, John Miles. Pretty and vivacious Miss Elizabeth Fenwicke-Clennell was dancing with Mr. Robert Talbot, who is in the Life Guards. Earl Bathurst and his younger brother, the Hon. George Bathurst, were both there, and so were Michael McCreery, son of Lieut.-General Sir Richard McCreery, Lord Edward FitzRoy, one of the Duke of Grafton's sons, and Viscount Drumlanrig.

"BRIEF ENCOUNTER"

THE World Première of Noel Coward's film *Brief Encounter*, in aid of the Royal Naval War Libraries, drew a well-dressed, fashionable audience. The Duchess of Kent, who is Commandant of the W.R.N.S., and always takes the keenest interest in all branches of the Senior Service, was present, attended by Lord and Lady Herbert. She looked very beautiful with her hair done in a simple "page-boy" style, and wore a purple dress under a mink coat. Before the film Mr. Arthur Rank presented Mrs. Ivan Colvin, O.B.E., Founder of the Royal Naval War Libraries, to Her Royal Highness. The Hon. Mrs. Rank came to the première with her husband, and Mrs. Warren Pearl and her younger daughter, the Hon. Mrs. Leslie Gamage, and Miss Valerie Hobson were to be seen. Mrs. Gladys Calthrop arrived with Mr. Noel Coward, and created a flutter of admiration by her swathed turban trimmed with yellow paradise feathers, which she wore with a black velvet suit relieved by a yellow scarf and yellow suède gloves.

Dec. 13.
H. M. Queen Mary attends World Première of "Caesar & Cleopatra", Odeon, Marble Arch, 7 p.m. In aid of the Princess Beatrice Hospital

Dec. 17
Marriage of Lord Killanin & Miss Sheila Dunlop at the Roman Catholic Church of the Holy Redeemer, Cheyne Row. 3 o'clock.

Dec. 18.
Private View of the Royal Society of Portrait Painters Exhibition. Royal Academy Galleries, Burlington House.

His First Walk for Prince Richard

These charming pictures of Prince Richard were taken in the grounds of Government House, Canberra, on the occasion of the young Prince's first walk, where he was well-looked-after by his parents, the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester, and his elder brother, Prince William

St. Andrew's Day at Eton

A Fine Day for the First Peace-time November Celebrations

● St. Andrew's Day at Eton this year was fortunate in having perfect dry November weather. First there was the final of the Lower Boys' House Cup, where both sides played with unflagging spirit and were still going strong when the game was ended. The Wall Game which came next was Mr. George Lyttelton's last match as an official. He umpired first in 1908, and the enclosure between the wall and the rope will look sadly empty without him in the future. The match ended in a draw. In the Field in the afternoon there was a spirited game between the Brigade of Guards and the Greenjackets

A General View of the Wall Game in Progress

Chatting in School Field were Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Pearson with Mr. John and Mr. Anthony Acland, and Mrs. Peter Acland. The Acland brothers are in Mr. Beasley-Robinson's house; their home is in Devonshire

Viscount and Viscountess Weymouth were down to see their eldest son, the Hon. Alexander Thynne; his sister, the Hon. Caroline Thynne, will be one of next year's débutantes

Two small people who were keeping a watchful eye on everything were Ashley and Caroline-Clare Meyer, the children of Sir Anthony Meyer. With them were Mrs. Knight, Lady Dashwood, and their mother, Lady Meyer

The Hon. David Bewicke-Copley, Lord Cromwell's son and heir, Lady Cromwell, the Hon. Phillipa Bewicke-Copley, Miss L. Edwards, Mr. P. N. Gibbs, Mrs. Spanoghe (in the chair) and Lord Cromwell

James Cayzer carried a basket marked "With Care," while his mother, Lady Cayzer (centre), talked to Sir Gifford Fox and his wife, Lady Fox. Sir James, who is fourteen, succeeded his brother in 1943

A family party were Col. the Hon. and Mrs. Macdonald-Buchanan, who is the daughter of the late Lord Woolavington, Mr. James, Miss Jean Macdonald-Buchanan and Lt. John Macdonald-Buchanan, Scots Guards

The Hon. Mrs. Stourton was photographed amidst her young family, Mary, John and Monica, who are nephews and nieces of Lord Mowbray

Lady Victoria Scott and her son, Mr. D. A. Scott, were setting a brisk pace. Lady Victoria is a sister of Earl Haig and wife of Lt.-Col. C. A. Scott

(Continued overleaf)

A Tense Moment in the Wall Game

St. Andrew's Day at Eton (*Continued*)

Baroness Ravensdale, who is a daughter of the late Marquess Curzon of Kedleston, was with her nephew, Michael Mosley, son of the late Lady Cynthia Mosley

Mr. and Mrs. Koch de Gooreynd came down from their home in Sussex to spend the day with their son, Timothy

The Marchioness of Headfort, who spends most of her time at her lovely home in Ireland, greeted Brig.-Gen. Critchley and his son Brian

Christopher Lever, son and heir of Sir Tresham and Lady Lever, was with his mother, who did not have far to come for St. Andrew's Day as their home is in Windsor

Lord and Lady Brocket came down to see their two sons, the Hon. Ronald and the Hon. David Nall-Cain, and brought with them their small daughter, Elizabeth, and a little friend

The Hon. Mrs. Phillips was with Mr. Hugo Phillips, son of the Hon. Wogan Phillips and a grandson of Lord Milford

An Enthusiastic Crowd of Young Etonians

Watching the game were Miss Patricia Kindersley, A. Standish and his mother, Mrs. Munro Kerr, A. McLaren and Mr. Robert Kindersley, son of Brig. Hugh Kindersley

The Headmaster, Mr. C. Elliott, O.B.E., walked over to see the celebrations accompanied by his wife, Mrs. Elliott, and Mr. Lambart, the Lower Master

A family of four were Lord and Lady Reith with their son, the Hon. Christopher Reith, and their daughter, the Hon. Marita Reith. Lord Reith was first General Manager of the B.B.C. and Director-General from 1927-38

The Hon. Donald Erskine, son and heir of Lord Erskine, was there with his wife, the Hon. Mrs. Erskine, and their son Malcolm and their daughter Caroline. His father, Lord Erskine, is the sixth Baron

Reception Given by the Argentine Ambassador

To Delegates Who Are in London to Attend the Preparatory Commission of the United Nations

A foursome were Dr. Morales, Chargé d'Affaires for Panama, Dr. Roberto Jimenez, representing Panama at the United Nations, Dr. Ernesto de Higo, another delegate to the United Nations, who comes from Cuba, and Dr. Nieto, secretary to the Colombian Embassy

Senhora de Bianchi, the wife of the Chilean Ambassador, was photographed with her sister, Miss Hart, who was looking very charming with flowers in her dark hair

Looking serious were Senhora Rivera Schrieber, wife of the Peruvian Ambassador in Rome, with Señor Silva; and smiling were Senhora de Subercaseaux and Senhora de Siri

PRISCILLA in PARIS

WELL, events seem to have calmed down—always at time o' writing—and the new Cabinet appears to be crocodiling quite nicely. When the only visible blot on the ensemble is Mister Thorez's pearl pin stuck in the middle of the knot of his tie, we cannot complain—and we don't! So long as de Gaulle holds the steering-wheel, a left-hand drive doesn't seem so dangerous to us who are drilled to "keep to the right" on high roads and by-passes. Come to think of it, I 'm a bit of a Communist myself, having been accustomed, from early infancy upwards, to seeing at least half of my toys, at Christmas and birthday time, rushed off to the children's hospitals. I was allowed to make my own choice, of course, and I can still recall the heart-twisting, when I was a Bayswater brat, of having to decide between keeping an old and battered favourite or the newest bébé Jumeau with "real hair" from Paris. In '39 and '40, as soon as I got into uniform, my Galeries Lafayettes were made over to my less happy sisters and refugees from the north-east. . . . Mark ye, I am still waiting for my richer, if not happier, pals to hand down their Schiaparellis to me—but that is neither here nor there! No complaints.

The "char" who comes in, when she has nothing better to do, to "oblige" my sole surviving maid, who, from "lady's," has become "of-all-work," sniffed disgustedly when she saw the Press photographs of the new Ministers grouped on the steps of the Hotel Matignon. "They 're all wearing white collars," she grumbled. I explained at length why this was so, and assured her that the whiteness of their collars in no way affected the colour of their ties. "Ah, well," she concluded, "when they find out what it means to put on a clean collar every day, perhaps they 'll increase the soap ration." And this, methinks, is a pretty shrewd observation! Although rationing is really getting a little better over here, I fear that soap will be one of the last things they 'll worry about. Food fats will be attended to first, and those of us who have no kind friends in America will be obliged, for some time yet, to go on boiling the wash with weird mixtures of ashes, ivy leaves and what not, pending the arrival of soft soap or whatever it is that one does boil clothes with in ordinary times.

THIS has been the midinettes' week. November 25th is Saint Catherine's Day. She is the patron saint of the little sewing-girls of France, and innumerable parties have been given in her honour. Tea-scrambles (but read "synthetic lemon- and orangeade" instead of tea), theatre parties and fancy-dress dances. One of the gayest was given in the afternoon at the Lido, Léon Volterra's cabaret and night-club, by Carven, when many stage stars, who get their frocks there, came to entertain the girls who work for them. The great moment was when the customers "presented" the latest creations and the mannequins judged the way it was done, but since the customers were such well-known cinema stars as Monique Rolland and Paulette Dubost, such amusing or lovely actresses as Marie Bizet and Germaine Roger, the verdict was a foregone conclusion! All arrived in a dead-heat. Léon Volterra, who has done so much to entertain the troops in Paris, looked in for a few minutes to see the fun, but did not stay long. He has never quite recovered from his long months of internment by the Germans at the Drancy prison camp, and his heart is still a little wonky. In the old days he could have beaten Winston Churchill's record in his daily diet of cigars, but now he goes slow with an occasional pipe, only indulging in a single Corona on high days and holidays, and he spends as much time as possible in the open air at Chantilly, where he has his racing stables. One of his horses, Admiral Drake, won the Grand Prix in 1934. In 1938 he sold Bois Roussel, brother of Admiral Drake, to the Hon. Peter Beatty, and saw it, with mingled pride, joy and chagrin, win the Derby a few weeks later. (The first French horse to win that great event in twenty-four years!) During the Normandy campaign I passed through the little hamlet of Bois Roussel. The château had been burned to the ground by the Germans, but the stables and training quarters, in which Volterra holds an interest, were untouched.

H.E. the Venezuelan Ambassador in London, Dr. A. Rodrigues Azpurua, had a discussion with Señor Posse Rivas, Counsellor to the Venezuelan Embassy, and H.E. the Cuban Minister, Señor G. de Blanck

The Mexican Ambassador, Señor A. Rosenzweig Diaz, chatted during the reception to the Chilean Ambassador and his wife, and Dr. Vergara, who is standing with his back to the camera

". . . OUR GREAT WORRY IS FOR THE CHILDREN"

At the Théâtre de Paris, one of Volterra's theatres, a stage version of Daphne du Maurier's famous novel *Rebecca* is to be produced after the Christmas holidays. It will be played by Fernand Gravey—who, when he acts for the films at Hollywood, spells his name "Gravet," for obvious reasons—and a very young, seventeen-year-old starette, Lise Topart. E.N.S.A. still reigns at the Marigny, another of Volterra's theatres, but he hopes to be able to give a musical comedy there next spring.

Christmas looms close, and we are making a brave effort to turn out something resembling a Christmas pudding chez moi! So far, I still lack suet, dates, currants and candied peel; on the other hand, I have flour, dried bananas, lemon-peel, a small quantity of sugar and a box of wormy-looking figs dating from 1939! But if I have time to go and hang round the back doors of the G.I. canteens and get first pick of what they throw away, I dare say we shall manage something that will taste quite good, even if it looks a bit queer. Our great worry is for the children. The cheapest toys are far beyond the possibilities of the average parent nowadays. We are busy with remnants of paint, empty reels of cotton, old cigar-boxes, cigarette cartons, snippets of ribbon and bits of gay-coloured rags, but glue and tintacks to stick and nail the bits and pieces together are hard to find. However, small children over here are not difficult to please.

The other night at the theatre I asked a Goldilocks seated in front of me if she would mind removing her shapô! When she turned a haughty front to me I realised she was not wearing a hat at all, and I wilted back in my stall properly abashed. It was at the Alhambra, and Edith Piaf was topping the bill in a really fine tour de chant. I heard her perfectly, for out of that frail little body comes a voice powerful enough to fill the Albert Hall. She is small and ugly and gestureless, but she is a great artist. How she is looking these days, however, I have no idea. Has she grown stouter or thinner? Has she changed the colour of her hair? I dunno! The lass in front of me had another lass in front of her, and so on and so forth. The way these creatures bobbed about trying to dodge each other gave me, quite literally, a pain in the neck. During the interval I came across Mistinguett. She had smooth hair, but she was wearing a hat designed by a milliner who must have been trying to score off the hairdressers. Jean Gabin just calmly and quietly lifted it off so that he could salute her properly on both cheeks. The crowd looked on and applauded, especially the man who had been sitting behind her. Do you have these comic interludes in London theatres? I wish I could come over and see!

***The Little Midinettes of Paris** are busy preparing their celebrated bonnets for the day of celebration of their patron saint, St. Catherine. This creation from the House of Caroline, in Paris, promises to create a special sensation on the great day*

Left:
***Mlle. Gabrielle Ristori** is the beautiful French singer who was arrested by the Germans for her work with the Yser Maquis, and was taken to the Saarbrück camp (known as the Death Camp) and then to Ravensbrück. After a year of captivity, in which she suffered severely from starvation, hard labour and ill treatment, she was rescued by the liberation. She is singing now for Radio Paris*

Jean Kent as Jill, the Typical University Town Flirt

Vivian Kenway (Rex Harrison) starts his wild career when he is sent down from Oxford. He is greeted by his father (Godfrey Tearle) and his aunt, Lady Parks (Marie Löhr), on his unexpected arrival home before they have learnt the news, which comes as a great shock to the Conservative family

Hogarth's Immortal Rake in Modern Dress

Rex Harrison in "The Rake's Progress"

In Vienna for the Grand Prix, Vivian finds himself broke again, for the race is cancelled owing to the international situation. His difficulties are solved by Rikki (Lilli Palmer), an Austrian girl who wants to escape from the Germans

The Rake, married to Rikki, whose father has paid his debts for causes his wife to be seriously injured and his father killed motor accident. In despair he goes really to the bad, and is re by Jennifer (Margaret Johnston), the girl he has always

Vivian is rescued from one of his periodic tough spots by an old friend, Duncan (Griffiths Jones), who has married Jill (Jean Kent), a former girl friend of Vivian's; also with them is Duncan's sister Alice (Joan Maude). Jill only married Duncan for his money and still has an eye on Vivian

Jill persuades Vivian to spend a night with her in town and Vivian is knocked down by Duncan, the outraged husband. He is then cited in Duncan's divorce suit, and refuses to marry Jill himself, which causes further trouble. His next effort at a livelihood is motor racing

The Rake's Progress begins in the war, and then flashes back to the swift and glittering life led by a few young bloods in the nineteen-twenties and thirties. Rex Harrison, that gay and debonair actor, plays Vivian Kenway, a modern version of Hogarth's famous rake. It is the story of a man whose qualities belonged to a more robust age, and who sought excitement in every way possible because, young and enthusiastic, he was disillusioned with the environment in which he lived. First the Rake is sent down from Oxford for a light-hearted prank, and this starts off his chequered career. Then he goes out to South America to learn coffee growing, and is sent home once more in undeserved disgrace. At home he meets the one woman that he ever loves, Jennifer, his father's secretary, but fate and his own wild life keep her from him. He is Playboy Number One; he is a racing motorist, a film extra, a motor mechanic, and finally, sinking lower and lower, a gigolo in a Palais de Dance. It is only in the Second World War that he finds himself at last

The war finds the appropriate canvas for the Rake's reckless and volatile temperament. He loses his life in France while testing a bridge to see if it has been mined, so that the Allied advance can go on

Lilli Palmer as Rikki, the Little Austrian Girl

Honoured for Their War Services

Sailor, Soldiers, Airman and Civilian Invested by His Majesty

Capt. Lord Ashbourne, R.N., was accompanied by Lady Ashbourne and their daughter, the Hon. Oonagh Gibson, when he attended the Investiture at Buckingham Palace to receive his D.S.O.

Lady Keightley and her son accompanied Major-Gen. Sir Charles Keightley when he went to the Palace to receive his K.B.E., his C.B. and D.S.O.

Right:
Mrs. Littlejohn Cook was awarded the B.E.M. for her splendid work during the war. Her son, who was a prisoner of war for five years, came with her to the Palace

W/Cdr. Cecil Rowan-Robinson, R.A.F., was decorated with the D.S.O. and D.F.C., and Capt. Clement Robinson, of the Gordon Highlanders, received the M.C.

Major-Gen. Alfred Ward (right) received three honours, the C.B., the C.B.E. and the D.S.O.; and Brig. Bryan Godfrey-Faussett the D.S.O.

The Seniors and Freshmen Match of the Cambridge University Athletic Club at Fenners, Cambridge

PICTURES IN THE FIRE

By "Sabretache"

St. Andrew and "The Wall"

THERE surely need be no hesitation about assuring an enquirer that Scotland's great Saint had no connection at all with a pastime called The Wall Game, for he was impaled many centuries before Henry VI. even thought of founding Eton! Furthermore, I suggest that it would be extremely dangerous even to hint at such a thing in the presence of any Scotsman, who certainly would claim Andrew as a patron of a far less ruffianly game. The Wall Game *is* of ancient origin, but St. Andrew had no more to do with it than Ur of the Chaldees, or Îm of Oz. It may be that it was invented by one Balbus, the industrious bricklayer, of whom Mr. Smith, of Public School Latin Grammar fame, was so fond. Mr. Smith says that Balbus was always building walls, probably just as annoying a habit as that of always tying your shoe-lace. Possibly, the painful story in connection with the latter is well known? When you come to the question as to why people like playing a game along a wall that can scrape bits and pieces off them, and which they have no chance whatever of pushing down, it opens up an entirely new vista. If it is of any aid to the antiquarian, it can be stated that neither Mr. Gladstone nor Lord Curzon, so far as can be discovered, ever went in for this kind of jungle warfare when they were at Eton, and it has been generally believed that only the less superior ever develop an irresistible desire to hit either that Tree or that Door with a football, and so gain a fame in the Eton chronicles equal at any time to that of such persons as Achilles, Agamemnon and Ulysses (inc.).

"Free" Handicaps

IT is certain that they are very well named. Nominally, the Official Handicapper is asked to base his calculations upon seven-furlong form where the season's two-year-olds are concerned, and 1¼-mile form where the three-year-olds are concerned. Actually, he is asked, and permitted, to give his learned opinion purely upon the Order of Merit. Many times and oft in the past has the official been criticised for not adhering strictly to the actual distances: for instance, when he has put a Derby or Leger winner over a Champion Stakes winner, the distance of the latter being 1¼ miles, or, in the case of a two-year-old, a Middle Park winner in front of a Dewhurst winner, the distance of the latter being seven furlongs to the other race's six, people have been nasty about it. The handicapper, however, is not expected to give us more than the order, and this, *pace* his often very captious critics, he does very ably and conscientiously. People may disagree as to the order of precedence, and everyone is entitled to his own estimate of form. This is all very well so long as he does not claim that everyone else should agree with him. This year, for instance, if the handicapper were forced to stick to the actual distances of these two races, he would have been expected to start the two-year-olds with Hypericum, the winner of the Dewhurst, instead of with Gulf Stream, winner of the Gimcrack, and the three-year-olds with Court Martial, the Champion Stakes winner, instead of with Dante, the Derby winner. If he had done this I expect a lot of people might have been very annoyed with him, but in actual fact he would have been quite entitled so to do, and could have rounded on his critics, and said: "You find me better seven-furlong or 1¼-mile form, and I will own up that I am wrong, but you can't!"

A Few Notes

HAVING cleared the decks, and, it is hoped, shown that both these Free Handicaps are really no more than the Order of Merit, here are just a few jottings, which may, or may not, be helpful. First, I think Mr. Freer has done a workmanlike job, taking things all round. He could not have started with any other three-year-old than Dante, and the pity is that now we shall never know whether he was the Cup horse so many believed him to be. That he was all of the 7 lbs. better than this year's Leger winner I am quite certain. If Mr. Freer had said 10 lbs. I, for one, should have had nothing to say against it. Midas, another we shall see no more on the racecourse, certainly deserves to be put where he is, 3 lbs. below Dante, and if it were a case of 1¼ miles, I should be inclined to make Court Martial give Dante the 3 lbs. instead of the other way about. On looks, I would make Court Martial give Dante a stone. He is one of the most beautiful outlines I have ever seen. So many in this handicap have been relegated to family life, and it is exasperating in some measure, but, of course, good for the future. I do not think that the handicapper flatters either Rising Light or Kingstone, and if Hobo is within less than a stone of Dante, then he ought to win the Lincoln. On the Burghfield Stakes running (August 4th), Hobo, Rising Light and Stirling Castle were one and the same horse for all practical intents and purposes. Hobo unquestionably has a great dash of foot. This is merely a note jotted down last August, and it may, or may not, be of some use to the intending plunger.

"They want a couple of stalls!"

The Young Ones

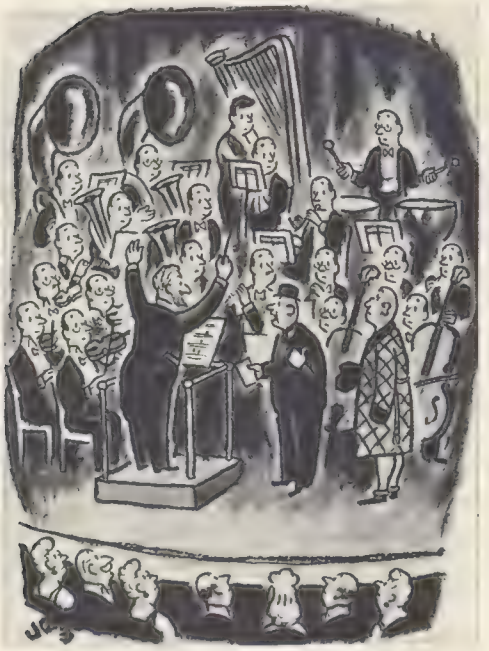
WHERE this year's two-year-olds are concerned, I do not see how the Official Handicapper could have started with anything but Gulf Stream; but I do not share his high opinion of Aldis Lamp and Edward Tudor. I further should have estimated that there was more than 1 lb. between the two latter. In that "match," the Whitchurch Stakes on September 22nd at Salisbury, the verdict was only three-quarters of a length, but it was apparent that Aldis Lamp could have eaten the other one. I think I should have put Khaled and Radiotherapy second and third, and have expected to be pretty nearly right. I think that we need further assurance from Neolight than we have at the moment, but Mr. Freer is quite right about Rivaz, though he may be underrating Hypericum, for he says that she is 11 lbs. worse than Gulf Stream. I shall be much surprised if this works out in practice, however right it may be on paper. We do not yet know how any of them are going to winter, and we are too busy with all this jumping even to think of the flat.

A Clue

AND what is even better, the "fox" is only just in front. There is now no doubt at all that that highly-skilled Veneur, the N.H.C. Handicapper, will find no difficulty in not only "making the head good," but in laying them on, so that they will run as though they were tied to him. Here is some of the evidence: November 30th, Rightun, 11 st. 3 lbs., including a 10-lb. penalty, beat Roman Hackle, 11 st. 9 lbs., by four lengths easily over 3 miles of the Cheltenham fences; November 10th, Roman Hackle, 9 st. 7 lbs., beat Prince Regent, 12 st. 7 lbs., a short head only, over 3 miles 100 yards of Leopardstown. In my view, Rightun could have given the 6 lbs. and still have won. We shall now know to an ounce exactly where to put Rightun with Prince Regent over 3 miles, and that is a very useful bit of knowledge, even if of no use at all where the National is concerned. In the Gold Cup it is 12 st. all round. Rightun, a veteran of fifteen years, is a goodish way off being our best, and we are still fully alive to the strength of the invading forces, but we are not downhearted!

"Just pretend you haven't noticed it"

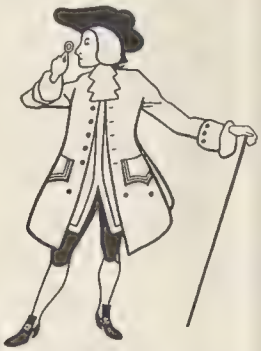
"You're wanted on the telephone, Sir—as arranged . . ."



"There's been a mistake somewhere—the "Slugger" should be fighting "Basher" Bates here to-night!"

D. B. WYNDHAM LEWIS

STANDING BY



JAMAICAN or Dutch cigars flaunting pre-war Havana bands and costing you (if a fool) £2 apiece are the newest West End restaurant swindle, apparently. For trying to pull such an insulting gag a touchy connoisseur like Don José de Lizarrabengoa would probably have slain the gipsy Carmen on the threshold of the Fabrica de Tabacos, thereby ending their tragic love-story even earlier.

A chap we know has a plan for re-casting the opera-version of *Carmen* in such a fashion as to wow the pants off business men (he says). Within ten minutes of curtain-rise the laughing Sevillan gipsy, swinging her naughty hips outside the cigar-factory, tosses Don José a fake Havana for two pesetas, cash. He gives it a glance and realises instantly that this woman is a fiend in human form working for the Izzy Burpstein outfit. After a long, passionate, agonised aria, going into the matter of price and quality and overhead and so forth, very thoroughly, he stabs her dead. The curtain descends amid the applause of the Guardia Civil and mob and the opera is over.

We said: "What about all the business men in the stalls?"

He said: "They file slowly out in a daze and occupy themselves for the remainder of the evening with drink and the clumsy pursuit of Venus, as their custom is."

Afterthought

ALMOST immediately it occurred to us that business men may want more opera than that for their money. After some debate this chap agreed to add a second act, showing the infamous Burpstein gang lurking in the High Sierras, busily pasting Havana bands on Pittsburg stogies. Suddenly Don José bursts into the circle round the campfire, denouncing the racket as an outrage on business ideals and humanity. The bandit chief, Don Izzy Burpstein, snarls defiance. Knives are drawn. Don José leaps forward, flings off his cloak and——

"Kills Don Izzy?" we said, stifling a yawn.

"Joins him," said this chap firmly, "on the basis of a 10 per cent. all-in cut."

Brawl

COCKTAILS as a landmark in human history are certainly, as a gossip recently observed, an invention one hundred years old at least. Whether the cocktail-party as we now know and fear it—that is to say, an assembly of all the sexes gathered for the express purpose of freezing the digestive juices with mixed iced alcohols of varying ferocity on an empty stomach, often ending in aimless brawls—is entirely modern we take leave to doubt.

Hunting this matter up in your behalf, dogsbody that we are, we detect the first reference in English literature to the cocktail-party in some wellknown lines of Wordsworth's:

> "No motion has she now, no force;
> She neither hears nor sees;
> Roll'd round in earth's diurnal course
> With rocks, and stones, and trees."

Which seems to refer to Wordsworth's Lucy during or after a party at Dove Cottage, Windermere, in or round the year 1815. A couple more lines, subsequently omitted, reveal the poet's reaction as one of dim but dignified surprise:

> "I did but see her passing out,
> Yet I shall love her still, no doubt."

As it was Lucy's habit at parties to be sportive as the fawn that wild with glee across the lawn or up the mountain springs, there seems no doubt that the girl was properly shellacked. You know the type. Nowadays one firm tap on the dainty sconce at the right moment suffices.

Mystery

SO dazed and metagrabolised were the wide-eyed Fleet Street boys by that new esoteric sect which bought Hitler's granite bust (£500) at the German Embassy sale for veneration as a sacred relic, explaining that Almighty God sent the Fuehrer to conquer Mammon, that they missed at least one other mystery almost as absorbing.

Nobody has yet suggested why two of the bathsheets and four of the Turkish towels with which Ribbentrop was wont to dry his elegant Nordic torso sold for the absurd sum of £43, plus 18 coupons (we saw it). Our information is that an anonymous sympathiser has acquired them as a present for the Master of the Vintners' Company. Members of this ancient guild, as you know, enjoy the exclusive right, by a charter of Edward III or somebody, to sell wine to his Majesty's lieges at any hour of the day or night, except that the police won't let them. The spectacular career of Master-Vintner Ribbentrop, who cornered the German champagne racket and had the Reich police licking his boots, has been very irksome and chagrinous to the Vintners. Their secret wellwisher hopes a brisk morning rub-down with Ribbentrop's towels at a propitious hour, when the Master's pores are open, may inspire a forceful idea or two. It was first suggested by a prominent witch-doctor in Harley Street known as Little Big Chief Joe Thunderpill.

Tree

A COUSIN of President Truman has just discovered that a Truman ancestor named Tremayne helped to invade Britain in 1066, which is certainly gratifying, if Mr. Tremayne was nice to know.

Large numbers of the Norman invaders of 1066 were obviously *not* nice to know, such as common soldiers and cooks and scullions and grooms and sutlers and camp-followers and tarts and writers and bandy drunks detailed to clean hawks' cages, and others whose names do not figure in the Battle Abbey Roll or any other. Maybe if the historian Wace had known there was going to be such a run on Norman ancestry centuries later he'd have put a few of these lesser characters in, with a kindly word to guide and inspire future genealogists and ease their burdens. E.g., at the end of a list of knights and gentlemen would come:

Filthy Fred of Caen, third stud-groom to the Vidame of St. Valéry-en-Caux: I knew him well. One of Nature's gentlemen. Hanged at Battle, 1066, for robbing the dead. Very suitable as an ancestor for Grade C applicants, unless they prefer the more expensive lines.

Beauclerc the Bastard: A charming person, as bastards go (see "William, Bastard, the"), and, when sober, most obliging. Formerly a sow-gelder at Bayeux, then chief scribe to the Duke. Died at the Saracen's Head, Hastings, 1068, of delirium tremens and St. Anthony's Fire. A good cheap ancestral type. (*Etc., etc.*)

So far the genealogists have been apt to push the more costly brands of Norman ancestor, exclusively, on our cousins Overseas above all. But the time is at hand, a chap was telling us, when they will either have to accept a more "popular" class of trade or close down. Which Heaven forbid.

Girls' Eight Race for the Fairbairn Cup at Cambridge

A combined women's eight from Newnham and Girton took part in the race for the Fairbairn Cup at Cambridge, where thirty-three crews competed. The girls' eight, surrounded by men's crews, were photographed waiting to paddle to their position along the bank

University Events

Rowing, Rugger and Association Football

P. B. O'Halloran, the Cambridge captain, shook hands with the Oxford captain, A. I. Osakwe, who comes from West Africa, before the Oxford v. Cambridge football match, which took place at Dulwich Hamlet Football Ground recently. The match ended in a draw

Rugger Captain and Secretary

W. H. J. Summerskill (Harrow and Christ Church) and J. K. Pearce (Uppingham and Brasenose) are the captain and the secretary respectively of the Oxford University Rugby Club. The Inter-Varsity match has been arranged to be played at Twickenham to-day

The Cambridge Team at the Oxford v. Cambridge Match at Dulwich

Prince and Princess Vladimir Galitzine examining Sir Francis Rose's pictures at the Redfern Gallery. Princess Galitzine, née Fitzgeorge, is a great-great-granddaughter of King George III.

Mme. Wellington Koo, wife of H.E. the Chinese Ambassador, and Mme. Massigli, wife of H.E. the French Ambassador, went to the private view of Sir Francis Rose's pictures

Sir Francis Rose's Show at the Redfern

Recent paintings by Sir Francis Rose are on view at the Redfern Gallery. The artist is pointing out a feature of one of the landscapes in the show to his wife, Lady Rose. She was Mrs. F. D. V. Sproul Bolton, and is a daughter of the late Major-General Sir Frederick Carrington, K.C.B., K.C.M.G.

ELIZABETH BOWEN reviewing BOOKS

Young Ladies of Bath

THE eighteenth century has given us novels of its own. Contemporary pictures of life in those days, contemporary reading of character and comments on town and country, manners and morals, enrich the work of Fielding, Richardson, Smollett and Fanny Burney. (Sterne, one might say, made a timeless world of his own.) Jane Austen, born in the eighteenth century, wrote *Pride and Prejudice* while still inside its bounds. Those first English novels—which were, also, the world's first, for we began this art—have not, by our subsequent novelists, been surpassed : they had got something. *What*, it is hard to say. Vitality, size, richness, boldness, a disabused view of people, belief in life ? As against this, they lack the form and neatness we have come to expect—they romp, they meander ; occasionally they even appear to drag. They waste time, in a lordly way. Most of all, the brand of their sensibility (or, as often, their absence of sensibility) seems foreign to us. Many readers are shy, at the start, of those original eighteenth-century novels. But once one begins to read them, one seldom stops. Warmer and more momentous than the best-written history, they add something unique to one's feeling for England.

And, inevitably, they make most of our modern " period " or " costume " novels, which by means of powder, patches, coaches, brocade, ruffles and exclamations of " La, sir ! " endeavour to take us a short cut into the eighteenth century, look pretty thin. In such novels, often, the characters remain moderns, quaintly got up in order to play their parts, and speaking, without much conviction, a stilted language. So great is the strain, for these poor creatures, of remaining " in period " that, too often, they cease or fail to be, in the satisfactory sense, characters at all, and we are left with nothing but their brocades and patches and mechanised, meaningless escapades. The fact is, of course, that it is very difficult for the writer of one century to enter, taking his reader with him, into the genuine time-atmosphere of another. It is easier to construct a bogus world, decked out with a few correct period pieces. Being easier, this is more generally done.

But this has not been done, I am glad to say, by D. A. Ponsonby, author of *The Gazebo* (Hutchinson ; 10*s.* 6*d.*). Like Compton Mackenzie's *The Passionate Elopement*, *The Gazebo* has eighteenth-century Bath as its setting, and is a *tour de force* which comes off. Apart from this, and a felicitous rightness and naturalness in their treatment of a period subject, the two novels are in no other way alike : for one thing, Miss Ponsonby not so much lacks as does not emulate Mr. Compton Mackenzie's poetic richness of language. Her telling of her story is straightforward, simple, and bare of archaic words. And her story itself ? This follows the fortunes of the Misses Lucymain, three young ladies resident in Bath.

The Rough With the Smooth

HANNAH, Sarah and Caroline Lucymain are the daughters of a rigid, alarming father who has one ruinous weakness—he is a gambler. They have a fussy, propitiatory, faded-pretty mother ; and one brother, the gentle Tony, who fails—for temperamental reasons which are as interesting as anything in the book—to make the grade required in a young gentleman of his time. Their home, Beverley House, stands at the western end of Trim Street, in those days on the very outskirts of Bath : its garden wall overlooks the Bristol Road. From inside the gazebo at the wall's corner the three young girls spy on the highway's interesting come-and-go : here, too, they dream their dreams and exchange, among one another, naïvely, their confidences and hopes. Thus are the three engaged when we first meet them. Life and the world, for the Misses Lucymain, on this first afternoon, are still unknown, but still look good enough. As girls do, they are talking about young men ; but they are still heart-free. Hannah is to be the first to learn that the heart is not much of a factor in real life : her father informs her he has arranged to sell her (nominally, to make her over in marriage) to the ageing sensualist Sir Hugh Sanquair, as settlement of an outstanding gambling debt.

Hannah's fate—and the start of her honeymoon makes at once heartrending and strong reading—is at least taken out of her own hands. The other two Lucymain girls are left to conduct an unequal battle with circumstances. Sarah loses her heart to, and elopes with, a raffish ex-ensign, Ned Malvern, whose true profession I will not spoil the story by disclosing. The delicious, affected, exuberant Carlie (Caroline) muffs her affair with the difficult Miles Quentin—who, obsessed by a dead first-love and temporarily involved with a married woman, is indeed an unpromising object for the affections. Carlie's subsequent adventures—as governess, after the collapse of the Lucymain family fortunes, then as beleaguered young hostess in a Bath gambling-room—are most sympathetically described.

There is nothing striking—if to be striking one must be unique—about the well-built plot of *The Gazebo*. What *is* striking is Miss Ponsonby's attitude to her characters—particularly those who are at odds with their time. For instance, the neurotic Tony—I always did wonder what happened to neurotics in the eighteenth century, that roaring season for full-blooded extraverts. And, Sir Hugh Sanquair—the tragedy of the miscarried honeymoon happiness is shown from his point of view rather than Hannah's. One cannot forget his tears on the bridal night. Miles Quentin, though more nearly a " stock " figure, is interesting in his involuntary criticisms of his age : it is through his eyes that we witness the horrors and indignities of a public execution ; Miles drives with a friend to the very foot of the gallows, and has to perform the ghastly service of expediting his end.

It is as though the author of *The Gazebo* had penetrated through to, and laid bare for us, a particular strata of sensibility that *did* exist in the eighteenth-century make-up, but which had not, at that time, an acknowledged place. She has put sound brainwork into the book ; and her knowledge of, and love for, the period appears effortlessly, in small touches. She discriminates, which is good, between her, and our own, point of view—let us call it the modern one—and what would have been the point of view of her characters. The few times she fails to do this, the exceptions stand out : for instance, she says of the Lucymains's drawing-room : " But for all it had to offer to please the eye, the impression of the whole was formal and comfortless. The delicate, high-backed chairs . . . were designed to be sat upon with dignity, not lolled-in at ease." I question whether the drawing-room would have struck either the family or their visitors as formal and comfortless : correct contemporary drawing-rooms, all over England, offered no alternative. The siren Mrs. Paravene, we are told, had more comfortable chairs in her charming blue interior —I can only imagine that these were French. Our ancestors knew many pleasures, but did not expect to loll.

The Gazebo should have a wide success. It has vivid and sometimes strong scenes and an engaging trio of heroines ; and, on top of everything, is a rattling good story.

(*Concluded on page* 348)

A Distinguished American Man of Letters: Carl Sandburg and His Grandson

Carl Sandburg is not only a poet and biographer, but a columnist, musician, and even goat fancier as well. His greatest work is his four-volume life of Abraham Lincoln, which was published in 1939. He does most of his writing in a makeshift office on the roof of his home at Harbert, Michigan, which is about fifty miles from Chicago. Despite his somewhat irregular system of work, he manages to turn out numerous poems, and a daily newspaper column, besides continuing his work on Lincoln and also keeping up his research on American folk-songs. One of the poet's main interests is his young grandson, Joe Carl, who, in turn, is only interested in his grandfather's herd of more than a hundred Nubian and Toggenburg goats. A man who reflects a simplicity, humour and a kindly spirit, Carl Sandburg is one of America's best-loved literary figures

CARAVAN CAUSERIE

By Richard King

HIS patter was perfection. Our interests would always be his interests. Our comfort his chief concern. He liked the job, the place and ourselves. His one desire was to start at once. For the first three days he fulfilled all our and his own expectations. Then followed a sad decay. At the end of a fortnight we had to dismiss him for laziness and incompetence.

He was a perfect lover. Tender, generous, romantic. He had never really loved before, and felt outraged at the idea that he would ever love again. Beautiful sentiments were his. He knew exactly the thrilling things to say at the most thrilling moments. His technique of love was superb. An implied conviction that only death would ever part them oozed from him, so to speak, whenever the difficulties of the long years ahead suggested themselves. There was only One Woman in the World, and he had met her. From now on he was hers for life. Yet, within eighteen months of joining the Services he was implying the identical sentiments to a Waaf. And the silly " mutt " believed him.

He was a politician. His fight was for the Poor against the Rich. His King and Country came a close second. His political speeches promised Paradise for All. There must be Justice all round and a great levelling of wealth and opportunity for the benefit of those who had never had either. If only he were elected he would be a bulwark against Oppression, Vested Interests, the least sign of profiteering among the needy. When he died he left an immense fortune. And during two World Wars he dealt successfully in the Black Market, and within six months before his death was twice convicted for misuse of petrol for amusement.

He was a wonderful preacher. People flocked from far and wide to hear him. He looked rather like a Hollywood Saint. His sermons exhorted the congregation to follow blindly in the footsteps of Christ. He obtained great notoriety by loving the Germans during the First World War, and refurbished his somewhat waning publicity by a readiness to forgive them in 1945. Christian charity, which was the lodestar of his preaching, inspired all those who ever heard him in the pulpit. But he never associated with a non-Conformist if he could possibly help it. And his wife had always a worried look.

Well, perhaps it has been my experience that ever the people who profess the least perform the most. And the more glib the patter, the smaller the performance. Where a thousand will express their Pity, about *two* will do anything more about it. This isn't cynical—it 's human nature. And you may add " Alas ! "—if you like. We are all inclined to profess just a little too much exactly where we know ourselves to be less secure. When we are assured of ourselves—we say nothing. Or very little. We just act without talking. And we inwardly loathe metaphorical medals. On the other hand, when something within us instinctively tells us that we haven't earned them—we adore them, and all the adulation which goes with them. Perhaps that is why really great men and women are almost embarrassingly modest in those attributes which make them great. And we ourselves seek to hide those aspects of our life and character, sentiments and emotions for which those who love us—love us. Concerning our more uncertain qualities—we are loquacious indeed !

GETTING MARRIED

The "Tatler and Bystander's" Review of Weddings

Atkinson — Lyon

Major Reginald G. Atkinson, M.C. and Bar, the Durham Light Infantry, only son of the late Major G. P. Atkinson, D.S.O., M.C., and of Mrs. Atkinson, of Newbury, Berks., married Miss Rosemary Vair Lyon, youngest daughter of Mrs. Charles G. Lyon, of Toorak, Melbourne, Australia, and the late Mr. Lyon, at St. John's, Toorak

Oram — Clarkson

Major Matthew Henry Oram, R.A., elder son of Mr. and Mrs. M. H. Oram, of Palmerston North, New Zealand, married Miss Barbara Louise Clarkson, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. M. L. Clarkson, quietly in London

Right: S/Ldr. Anthony Bartley, D.F.C., R.A.F., eldest son of Sir Charles Bartley, of Swanbourne, Bucks., married Miss Deborah Kerr, well-known stage and screen actress, at St. George's, Hanover Square. The bridegroom is a Battle of Britain ace

Bartley — Kerr.

Newell — Bell

Lt.-Col. William Newell, D.S.O., R.H.A., only son of the late Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Newell, of The Wilderness, Moville, County Donegal, married Miss Diana Bell, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Bell, of Castle Hill, Shaftesbury, Dorset, at Salisbury Cathedral

Dykes — Cheesman

Mr. John C. Dykes, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Dykes, of The Loke House, West Road, Cambridge, married Miss Mollie Theresa Cheesman, only daughter of the late Rev. R. P. E. Cheesman and of Mrs. Cheesman, of Pirton Rectory, Worcs., at Holy Trinity, Brompton

Archibald — Stratton

Lt. Allan Archibald, R.N., only son of the late Capt. J. Webster Archibald, M.C., and of Mrs. C. H. E. Hodson, of The Haddox, Fairlight, married Miss Prudence Stratton, daughter of Col. and Mrs. G. L. Stratton, of 19, Hyde Park Gate, S.W.7, at Holy Trinity, Brompton

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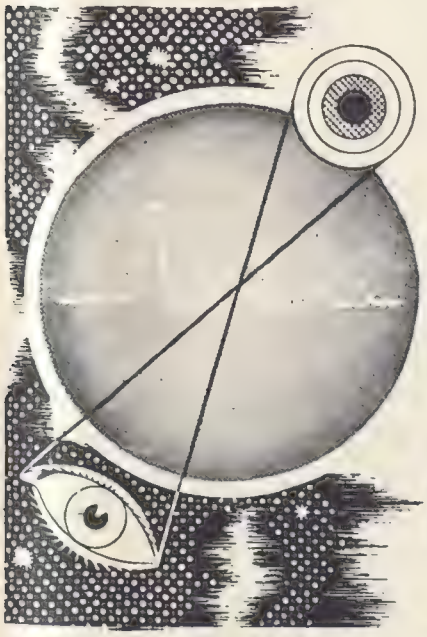

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DELIVERIES

FEATURES

★ Deliveries of the new Jaguar commenced on October 1st to holders of Ministry of War Transport permits. Production is being concentrated on Saloon models on 3½ ltr., 2½ ltr. and 1½ ltr. chassis. New features include air conditioning system incorporating defroster and demister as standard equipment on 3½ ltr., 2½ ltr. and 1½ ltr. (special equipment model). New Girling Two Leading Shoe Brakes are fitted to the 3½ ltr. and 2½ ltr. models. These are but two of the many detailed improvements for 1945.

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Photographs by Swaebe

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hat by Jeff

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BUBBLE & SQUEAK

Stories from Everywhere

Two golfers were annoyed by a slow couple in front of them. At one hole there was a particularly long wait. One of the offending couple dawdled on the fairway, while his companion searched industriously in the rough. At length the waiting couple on the tee could contain their impatience no longer.

"Why don't you help your friend to find his ball?" she shouted indignantly.

"Oh, he's got his ball," the man replied blandly. "He's looking for his club now!"

A circus came to a town in the States, and a coloured cook confessed to her mistress that she was longing to see the man shot from a cannon, so the family took her along with them to the show. When all the party were settled in their seats it was noticed that the cook was seated directly behind a very rotund matron who wore a huge picture hat. The mistress leaned over and whispered: "Oh, Mamie, you won't be able to see a thing."

"Das all right," replied the darkie woman, "don't you worry. I'se goin' to set high rumpted."

A tale of the first days of the blackout when everything looked very dim. In a faintly lit window, a man, out for the first time in the blackout, saw rows of large pies. They looked very tempting, so he entered. It was equally dim inside.

"I'll take one of those," he said, pointing to the objects in the window. The shopkeeper put one in a box and the customer felt his way out. Five minutes later he returned.

"You'll have to take this pie back," he said. "I've nearly smashed my teeth trying to break through the crust."

"Pie!" shouted the shopkeeper in amazement. "Man, that's not a pie. It's a tortoise."

ELIZABETH BOWEN reviewing BOOKS

(*Continued from page 342*)

Generals Escape

The protagonists of most war escape stories are usually young, sometimes very young, men. Often, the magnificent *Boys' Own Paper* quality of their inventiveness, risks and adventures does not, in a happy way, seem inappropriate—not more than ten years, on an average, separating the heroes from actual boyhood, in which such things were dreamed of. *Farewell Campo 12*, by Brigadier James Hargest, C.B.E., D.S.O., M.C. (Michael Joseph, 10s. 6d.) stands out as an exception: this is the story of the escape of six generals from a fortress in Italy. Castello Vincigliata stands high on a hillside above Florence: among its inhabitants, and conspirators, were the Major-General Carton de Wiart, V.C., Major-General Philip Neame, V.C., and Lieutenant-General Sir Richard O'Connor. It is fascinating to read of these mature characters, distinguished men and high-ranking officers engaged in what, but for its desperately serious purpose, could have had the hilarious atmosphere of an escapade. The making—how *did* they do it?—of the civilian disguise clothes; the faking-up of the dummies (each to resemble a general as closely as possible); the demure, unconscious demeanour during the preparations; the catlike agility of the break-out itself; and the sheer cheek required for the train journey across enemy country—all these give one, under the circumstances, peculiar pleasure.

Brigadier Hargest has not seen this book published: having zigzagged his way back to England via Switzerland, occupied France and Spain, he made the D-Day crossing, and was killed two months later by a shell which exploded near his jeep. Like the friend, Miles, with whom he left Castello Vincigliata and celebrated the successful arrival in Switzerland, he was a New Zealander. His love of all kinds of country, and most of all for such stretches of country as resemble his own, breathes through his writing; which is, all the same, of the most unsentimental, as it is also of the most vivid, direct, kind. And not less is his affection for human beings—to read *Farewell Campo 12* is to regret its author as one might regret a friend. Each page holds one's attention closely, and there are many chapters one will want to re-read.

Young Thing

First Impressions, by Isobel Strachey (Cape, 7s. 6d.) is so good in places that it ought to be better as a whole. Miss Strachey has bitten off—if I may so express it?—considerably less than she could have chewed. The novel has a dim theme—a girl, Barbara, runs away from a boarding school called Pinelands, mouches about at home for about a year; then, on her eighteenth birthday, unhopefully marries a young man who no longer seems as interesting as he once did. One could call this a satire on English middle-class life between the two wars—actually, I think it is the lyrical passages that come off best: for one can be lyrical even about boredom. Or, equally, one could take it to be the feminine counterpart of Mr. Denton Welch's *Maiden Voyage*. I thought the fun about the girls' school too conventional—Pinelands seemed to me more like a young man's idea of a girls' school. Miss Strachey's descriptive wit does, however, sparkle in other contexts, and she has a sense of irony.

This bozo Confucius

Lemmy Caution returns to action in Peter Cheyney's *I'll Say She Does* (Collins, 8s. 6d.). We watch him track an enemy agent, first across Paris, then through the glades of Surrey. The scene is rich with dames, james, babies, mommas and frails; and this guy or bozo Confucius does not fail to inspire Lemmy at crucial moments.

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AIR EDDIES

By Oliver Stewart

Air Fares

THE air passenger seems to be almost the only person whose desires were not consulted in the discussions between the British Government and Pan-American Airways about fares for the Atlantic passage. The idea that passengers like cheap fares did not seem to enter the heads of the officials; or perhaps it was that they nowadays just do not care what passengers like or dislike.

Then there was the suggestion that the air fares, and the British attitude about cutting them, was somehow connected with the loan discussions going on in Washington. If that is really the way great affairs of State are to be negotiated, then the sooner the fact is widely known the better.

Meanwhile our officials think they have been remarkably clever, and the Americans think that we are simply stopping them from running frequent services to Britain because we are not ready to run frequent services ourselves. The whole thing seemed to me regrettable.

Politics and Flying

MEANWHILE the idea prevails among our ministers that you can stop competition by stopping people flying to the United Kingdom. Never was a graver error. Eire is going ahead with her fine new air base on the Shannon. Paris will welcome American air passengers if London does not.

When I first drew attention to the risk that the United Kingdom might be by-passed by American and other air lines in the future if we retained our exclusive attitude, the idea was ridiculed. Now it is no longer ridiculed.

And it was rather amusing to notice that, when the argument with Pan-American was at its height, Railway Air Services came out with their timetable for the regular services between London and Dublin and London and Belfast.

So if you really want to fly the Atlantic in an American machine there is nothing much to stop you. And if you really want to come to poor, shabby old London, why you can come via Eire. National barriers are nearly always bad; but in long-distance aviation they are ludicrous. It is the greater pity that the first country to try and put them up has been Great Britain.

S.B.A.C. Executive

IN appointing Mr. E. C. Bowyer to be Chief Executive and a Director, the Society of British Aircraft Constructors has put its fortunes in the charge of one of its most popular and most efficient personalities. Bowyer joined the Society in 1930 and it was early in the present year that he became executive-in-charge of the newly-formed Export Section.

He knows his aviation, and he knows the work of the Society. In the future the Society's responsibilities are likely to increase and it may face difficult times when it will have to take part in the battle for British flying that has obviously got to be waged sooner or later.

In the past its work has been extremely valuable, especially in the dissemination of information. Here it has provided a service which has enabled busy men to keep touch with aeronautical events and to find out details about any of them without delay.

Accidents

ALARM out of all proportion to the event was caused by the crash of a Hermes air liner. People seemed to forget that it was a prototype doing a test flight and that in such conditions there is always a considerable risk.

It is true that the risk has been reduced since the early days. But there are still imponderables in aircraft design and no one can guarantee that the early trials of a new machine will be trouble-free. This crash is in an entirely different category from the crashes which occur to well-tried types working under air-line conditions.

S/Ldr. F. J. Keast, Mrs. Keast and the Triplets

This photograph was taken just after S/Ldr. F. J. Keast had attended an Investiture at Buckingham Palace to receive his D.F.C. He was a prisoner of war for 4½ years and Simon, Jean and Francis were born two months after his capture

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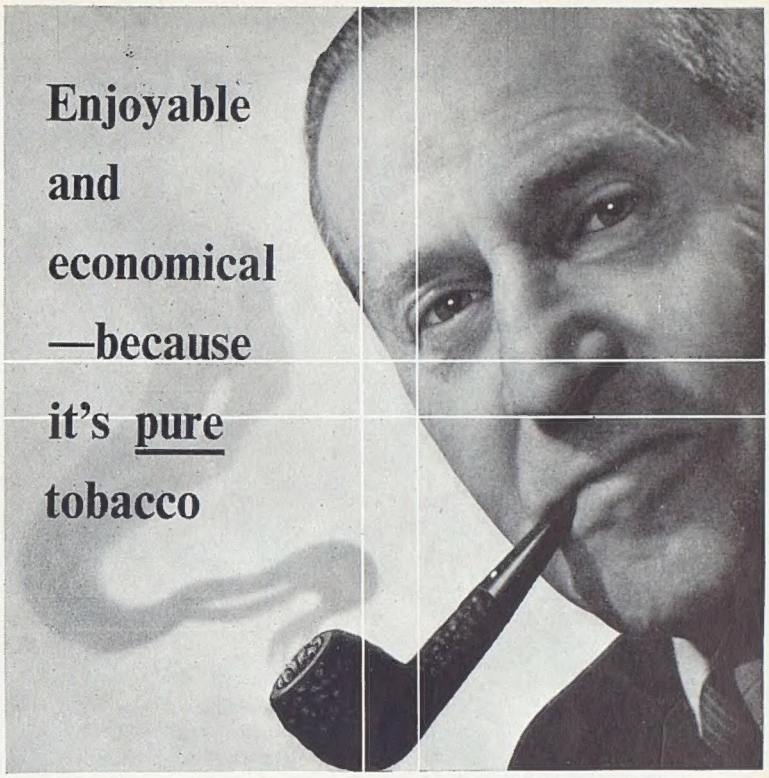

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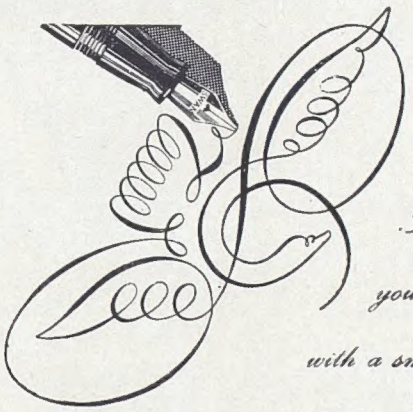

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